

In Afghan Fields the Poppies Grow

Among the corpses row on row spreading-
out from there and carpeting this green-

verged world with graves. Victims all
of craving, greed, and war. If you
break faith with those

who've died the nightmare
will come home to you.

Other's children AK47'd on
their way to school suddenly

becoming yours. Won't be for
a while, but it's the only thing
this illegitimate government
will be right about,

having purchased it for us
to enrich their friends, thus

does madness migrate in
the craving, war, and greed, that

loyal triplet continuously endorsed by
meretricious leaders everywhere.